Enter Capulet, *County* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Cap. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard, I thinke,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pitie 'tis you liv'd at ods ſo long,
But now my Lord what ſay you to my ſuite?
Cap. But ſaying o're what I have ſaid before:
My childe is yet a ſtranger in the world,
Shee hath not ſeene the change of fourteene yeeres:
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Paris. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoone mar'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But woo her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part:
And ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lyes my conſent, and faire according voice.
This night I hold an old-accuſtomed feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love, and you among the ſtore,
One more (moſt welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore houſe looke to behold this night,
Earth treading ſtarres, that make darke heaven light:
Such comfort as doe luſty young men feele,
When well appareld *April* on the heele
Of limping winter treads; even ſuch delight
Among freſh Fennell buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe, heare all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckning none.
Come, goe with me: goe ſirrah, trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, finde thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,

My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay. *Exit.*

Ser. Find them out whoſe names are written. Here it is written, that the ſhoo-maker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tayler with his Laſt, the fiſher with his penſill, and the painter with his nets. But I am ſent to finde thoſe perſons whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ (I muſt to the learned) in good time.

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man, one fire burnes out anothers burning.
One paine is leſned by anothers anguiſh:
Turne giddy, and be holpe by backward turning,
One deſperate griefe cures with anothers languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyſon of the old will dye.
Rom. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is,
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented, and Godden good fellow.
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray ſir can you reade?
Rom. I, mine owne fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learned it without booke,
But I pray can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. I, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt ye merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can read.

He reads the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *and his wife & daughters; County* Anſelme *and his beauteous ſiſters; the Lady widdow of* Utruvio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his lovely Neeces;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my faire Niece* Roſaline, Livia; *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A faire aſſembly, whither ſhould they come?